

[An Old Yankee Innkeeper; His Story]

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AN OLD YANKEE INNKEEPER --

HIS STORY

As told to Henry H. Pratt

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Mr Freeman C. Willis , living in Plymouth, New Hampshire, was an innkeeper in his own right at twenty years of age. Not until three years after were telephones invented; not until he was completing his hotel career, forty-seven years later, were automobiles, of the modern type, beginning to fill our streets.

With Collins M. Buchanan, his step-father, he entered upon operation of the old Plymouth House in 1873; bought out the Black Mountain House in Campton, on the Waterville Valley highway, in 1881, after the Plymouth House burned.

Mr. Willis continued his hotel managerial experience at the Eagle Hotel, in Laconia, at the time when it was thought worth while to inform prospective patrons on his letterheads that the hotel was "heated by steam" and when those letterheads announced rather proudly that "horse cars pass the door every fifteen minutes, to and from Lake Village."

Then followed the Deer Park Hotel, at North Woodstock--a summer hotel; the Windsor Hotel--now the Orrington in Manchester; the Hotel Weirs, a summer hotel; the Fairmount Hotel, at York Beach, Maine; ending with the triumph of his innkeeping life at the Hotel Windham, in Bellows Falls, Vermont.

"I was born," said Mr, Willis, recalling with verve the flow and [ebb?] of 2 his hotel past, "in Littleton, New Hampshire. My father was Cyrus Willis--familiarily known as "Cy"--a stage driver of the old school...owned and drove his own coaches...and he was some driver! It took quite a man to handle six horses--eight, in heavy going---of the kind my father drove, up and down over these mountains, often at full gallop, ahead of one of those old Abbott & Downing Concord coaches...yes, they were made down here in Concord...that's where they got their name.

"I remember, some years ago, being at a fair staged by those automobile fellows...out at Detroit. Henry Ford had a row of the old stage coaches, and, by gosh, among 'em was an

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old Abbott & Downing...hung up on leather thorough-braces...you know how they made 'em. It looked mighty familiar.

"Fellow came along...from out West he said later..while I was looking the old coach over.

" 'Hello!" said he, 'here's one of those old Arizona coaches.'

"Wrong, Mister,' I butted in, 'that's a Concord coach...Abbott & Downing.'

" 'Well, I reckon I ain't,' be bristled up, 'I come from out there...in Arizona...an' I've seen a lot of 'em.'

" 'Look here,' says I, 'see that?' I pointed to the old name-plate...I knew where to find it.

" 'Well,' he admitted, straightening up, 'you're right...but I have seen a pile of them out there.'

"And I don't doubt he had.

"But, as I was saying, my father ran a number of stage lines, in the old days...owned several coaches. They'd hold twenty passengers...full up...with their baggage on the rack...covered with a heavy canvas in rainy weather...and it took horses that were horses to pull 'em, in these hills...and a man to drive 'em. I don't remember very much about my father's runs...he died when I was about six years old...but he had one run...before I remember him...between 3 here and Bristol...used to run into Bucklin's Hotel, there...they told me about it.

Mr. J.C. Ayer...you know him...patent medicine man down Lowell way...told me an incident about my father which shows what kind of a man he was. Mr. Ayer said it made such an impression on his boyish mind he never forgot it.

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"They were having some sort of convention at Bucklin's Hotel and a lot of the stage drivers were in off their runs...down in the bar room. They were a rugged lot...those old drivers...a rough carousing lot, some of 'em....and they were making high Jinks...few of 'em pretty well soused...and they got pretty boisterous and profane...and noisy.

"My father jumped up on the bar...big man he was...not "pusy"...just big... six feet two he was...

" 'Men' he roared at 'em, 'this ain't seemly...it's a disgrace...a shame...with that convention going on upstairs...'

"This man said that whole gang flattened out as if a bucket of cold water had been thrown on 'em...cocked a sheepish eye up at him...but they quieted right down.

"And I can remember what a big man he was...me, toddling along beside him on the way up to the stables at "The Granite"...stretching my arm...way, way up to keep hold of his hand...thinking how far up he was.

"And I do remember one other thing that happened. He was sheriff at the time and had been after a man somewhere...I don't remember what place...or what the man had done.. But he came back with him in his buggy. He left him out front a bare minute while he dashed into the house on some errand. The man must have had some pal following him, for one of father's men burst in:

" 'Your man's gone, Cy!'

Another buggy had drawn up alongside, on the run, and the man had jumped 4 in, and away they went.

" 'Hitch up Springpole,' Father ordered, quite calmly, 'and we'll see where he's gone.'

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Springpole was father's favorite stage horse...queer name...don't remember where father got it.

"He and Springpole came back with the man not very long afterwards.

"Another man told me another little story of my father...just to get you a little acquainted with him. This man was with a crowd in my father's coach going up to the Flume, sightseeing. They all scattered about the Flume, straggling back, one by one, when they got ready.

"One man made it a point to get back to the coach a little before the rest and father found him, big as life, sitting up in the dickey-seat.

"Dickey-seat? Oh, that was the seat up on the coach top, behind the driver...sort of an old time observation platform.

" 'Hey, Mister,' called out father, 'that ain't your seat...that belongs to the lady that had it all the way up...your seat's inside.'

" 'Don't give a continental who had this seat...it's mine now, I paid my fare and I'm going to ride where I please.'

"Father never wasted words with that kind of a man; he had other and quicker ways of settling arguments. He climbed up on the forward hub, reached over for the man's collar, picked him neatly out of the dickey-seat and dropped him on the ground.

" 'There,' said father, 'this is my coach, and if you want to ride with me...you'll sit where I tell you to.'

"Yes, they were a wonderful set of men...those old stage drivers. The railroads ran a lot of the stage lines...same as they do busses now, and there were a lot of privately-owned independent stage lines. My father was an independent owner; Harrison B. Marden...I'll

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mention him later...was a railroad driver... 5 out of Plymouth, here, to the Profile House. Rough, many of them were; but as a whole an upstanding, courageous, skillful lot of men.

"Web Stearns was one I remember. He had the reputation of being a wit. He drove from Littleton into the Profile House. He arrived at the Profile House one trip just as one of his horses dropped dead.

" 'Ho, Web,' chaffed one of the bystanders, 'see one of your old horses's dead.'

" 'Yep,' came back Stearns, 'he died back on (about two miles out of Littleton) but I couldn't stop then and take him out.'

"I got into the hotel business when I was...well, about twenty years old, as near's I can remember. 'Twas a kind of family affair for me. My father was a great lover of good horses; my mother was no mean horsewoman, too; she drove a four-horse team up Mt. Washington, once. She married a second time when I was about eight years old...married another man who was a horseman...a blacksmith, by trade...but...perhaps because of that...he was a lover of fine horses. And when, back in '70...'71...he and James Callahan bought the Acquamgemuch House, here. I bought the livery stable which went with it. Later on Callahan sold out his interest to my uncle, and in 1873 I bought out my uncle's share. And there we were...Buchanan & Willis.

"Funny, how many hotel keepers started in a livery stable. But, then the livery stable was a big part of the old hotel, so perhaps it was natural enough. A lot of people picked their hotel because of a bang-up livery.

"In the early '80's, when I was running the Black Mountain House, I ran a twelve-passenger wagon, with four horses, between Campton and Plymouth. Was standing at the depot, one day, waiting for business. The train came in...a man got off to stretch his legs.

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"He came along the platform, stopped, and began to eye my team. They were worth looking at...as good as money could buy. Four black horses...I mean Black...not brownish...or blue...like...heads right up in the air...perky ...silver-mounted harnesses...wagon with straw-color running gear...carmine body...shiny.

"This man walked all around the team looking 'em over.

" 'This your team?' he finally said to me.

"I admitted it was.

" 'BLACK MOUNTAIN HOUSE,' he read from the side of the wagon...'where's that?'

"I told him.

" 'I've been staying several weeks over at the Glen House. I thought they had about as swell teams as there were...have that reputation, anyway. But they don't have any such teams as that. Finest team I ever saw.'

"Puts me in mind of an amusing story...amusing to me...not to the Pemigewasset House...about teams.

"The Pemigewasset House was railroad owned...the stage line from there to the Profile House was also railroad owned, and there was stiff...sometimes bitter...competition between them and other hotels and pod-teams as they called the private teams, competing with the railroad lines.

"Back in the Seventies, when we were running the old Plymouth...we had changed the name "Acquangemuch" to the "Plymouth House " ...Governor Natt Head came up with his staff and officials to inspect the fish hatchery which the State was running at Livermore

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Falls. Governor Head had invited Governor Long, of Massachusetts...were to have a big time.

"The Pemigewasset, of course, made the arrangements. They collected some fifteen teams to convey the party from the Plymouth Station to Livermore Falls...the Square was full of teams...but they didn't invite me to send over any team.

"The Pemigewasset had the finest rig they could put up, waiting beside the platform, handy for the Governor's party.

"I sent down my team, however...best one I had but I couldn't get near the platform...had to stand away off, other side of Square.

"Train pulled in...Governor Read, accompanied by Governor Long...and their crowd...got off.

"Pemigewasset folks rushed up.

" 'Your team right here, Governor...right this way.'

"But Governor Head wasn't to be rushed. He stood, looking around, over the heads of the crowd, getting his bearings.

" 'Right here, Governor...for you and Governor Long...this is your team.'

"But the Governor had spied my team across the Square and he was on his way across.

" 'Capable of picking my own team, I guess,' he flung over his shoulder, 'rather like the looks of this one over there.'

" 'Pretty good looking team, hey, Long? Guess I'll take this one; he called back to the station, 'get that other team out of the way, and let this man drive up there!'

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"We stood a minute after the Governors and his party got in...I had a twelve-passenger wagon...

" 'What we waiting for?' fretted the Governor.

" 'Waiting for the rest to get ready[,?]' I explained.

" 'Shucks! Never mind about the rest...we're ready aren't we? Let's be going. Rest can come on when they're ready.'

"We went. Those four horses moved off with that loaded twelve-passenger wagon like birds. The rest weren't even in sight when we came to the Baker River Bridge. There was a dip in the road there...into a hollow...and a sharp rise on beyond up to high ground. I slacked up the reins at the bridge, and

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["tchkd"?] to the horses. By gosh, they sailed up that hill to take your breath.

"At the top Governor Head turned to Governor Long.

" 'Guess I'm not such a bad picker on teams after all, eh, Long?'

"When we reached the hatchery, the Governors made such inspection as they cared to...and we were off without waiting for the rest of the party. The governor wanted to visit the old Trinity Church, at Holderness, so we came back that way.

"Governor let himself in by a key he happened to have that fitted...looked around as long as he cared to...and we were ready to start again just as the rest of 'em came up.

"Yes, teams counted something for a hotel in those days.

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"1873 I started in the hotel business...with my step-father...twenty years old. That's hard to say...whether young fellows in those days were any more ready to accept business responsibilities than they are now. They don't load themselves down with business much now, that's sure...like to play around.....have a good time...don't seem to grow up...don't know what 'tis to work.

"Still we had a good sprinkling of lunkheads then. I hired a lot of men and boys...had some pretty capable young fellows...some that weren't so good. Don't know how to make comparisons in general.

"1873...before the days of telephone...seems funny, don't it? When you think back to it. I suppose 'twas an awful bother...still we didn't think so much about it...never'd had any. And it was quite a while after 1876 before telephones became anyways common. We had 'em here in Plymouth by time the old Plymouth House burned in '81; got 'em up to Black Mountain House in Campton in the early '80's; but when we opened the Deer Park Hotel in North Woodstock, in '87 we didn't have any up that far.

"Funny how us old Yankees take to some new thing like that!

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"In order to get a telephone line to Campton we had to subscribe a certain amount...get enough people who would agree to take a telephone to make it pay the company.

"We agreed to take one at the Black Mountain House...several other folks agreed to take one. We went to the old fellow who kept the Hillside House...across the road from the Black Mountain...told him everybody was in for it...all taking one...Would he?

" 'Everybody's takin' 'em, is they?' He said after a few minutes' deliberation, 'well, if everybody else is takin' 'em that's good enough reason for me not to take one. No!'

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"Up at the Deer Park Hotel the stable was a hundred rods from the house...more than a quarter of a mile. It was too far for the stablemen or for us to holler across, and it was an awful inconvenience to have to send a man over, everytime we wanted anything.

"Bright fellow staying at the hotel fixed us up, though, rigged up a sort of mechanical telephone. Stretched a piece of sheepskin across a frame...about a foot across[,] I should say...and fastened a button in the middle of it. He made another one for the barn. Then he strung a tight line from one to the other. Then we wanted the stablemen we tap-tap-tap-tapped on the house sheepskin...like a drum...and the stablemen would come to his end...yes, we could really carry on quite a conversation over it...slick as could be. Saved a pile of steps.

"The Plymouth House burned in 1881. Spontaneous combustion...started in the attic. We had no fire department, in town here, so we sent to Lakeport...twenty miles away...for help. They got here in time to save the Methodist Church, right next to it. Folks formed a bucket line to the river. The women stood right in the line and passed the buckets down to the river to be filled.

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"After the Plymouth House burned we..Mr. Buchanan and I..bought the Black Mountain House in Campton, on the road up to the Waterville Valley. It was a small hotel...a summer Hotel...but a beautiful house, in a beautiful spot. Here's the picture of it, up on the wall, here."

It was a photograph of a three story house, the upper one built with a mansard roof, surmounted by a small square cupola in the center. A broad piazza extended along the whole front and both ends. Over the front entrance a generous balcony extended from the second story, across the piazza roof...in the center of the front.

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"You see, here," explained Mr. Willis, indicating with his finger, "the driveway swung from the main road to Waterville Valley to the house, in front of the main steps, continued around a beautiful piece of lawn, and circled back to the highway, holding this big piece of front lawn inside it.

"Over here back of the house, and a little to one side, was a nice grove of pine trees. A branch of the driveway swung around the left side of the house, here, and under a long wing that extended to the rear, and so reached the pine grove.

"The stables, off the picture to the left, adjoined the rear left corner of this extention [extension?]. . . still another branch driveway leading to them.

"There you have the picture of a beautiful summer hotel."

On the lawn, before the house, were scattered a dozen or more people in the costumes of the early '80's; the lawn, a wide table top of velvet grass.

"That," . . . his finger rested on the big circle of lawn, "was our croquet ground . . . level as a floor. Yes, croquet was one of our great games . . . everybody playing croquet . . . croquet, everywhere.

"That . . . and dancing were the two great enjoyments everybody could join in. Folks were crazy about dancing. Two or three times a week some dance would be going on, either in a hotel or private house. If it was winter, 11 dancing was about the only thing folks could do for fun . . . that, and sleighrides. And sleighrides weren't any fun unless there was a dance at the end of it. The program used to be a big sleighride . . . from miles around . . . heading to a dance. Then, in out of the cold and a hot supper. Then dance . . . dance . . . dance. And about midnight another supper . . . the usual thing . . . oysters. Then more dancing. They danced in those days . . . nobody went home till four o'clock in the morning.

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"And they danced on spring floors...ever see a spring floor? I don't know how they built them, but they teetered up and down, and when the crowd got going on them, those old spring floors would jump around some, too.

"Among the young fellows...and some older ones, too,...wrestling was the big sport...wrestling wherever they had a chance. " Town meeting time was one great wrestling chance. The town hall in Plymouth was diagonally across the street from the Plymouth House...that was back in the '70's, but it was only torn down a little while ago...and you could see 'em from the hotel, forming a ring...two of 'em got into the center and go at it. The winner would take on another and so on...keep at it till they got tired and no more contestants showed up. "Ring wrestling" we called it.

"Used to be a fellow...Tommy Glisky...lumber-jack, he was...short, smallish fellow...you'd never pick him out for a wrestler...but, by gosh, he was. There wasn't anybody could beat him. Every year he'd be at those town meeting wrestling rings and lick everybody...lick everybody. Tackle anybody, no matter how big they were and...lick 'em. He had some tricks he'd got up in the woods...I don't know what they were.

"We kept telling him that some day he'd get his...if he kept on picking fights with any and everybody, he'd run up against the wrong man some day.

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But he'd laugh and go right on licking 'em...till he ran up against Sullivan.

"Big Irishman ...Sullivan was. They were building the Pemigewasset Valley Railroad at that time and Sullivan came up with the track gang. I don't know what his name was...and I don't know his brother's. I know he had a brother, though. [first(?)]

"Twas a dance that brought those two fellows together...up at the Grafton House, in West Thornton...not a hotel, exactly, more run on the tavern plan.

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"They were putting on a big dance that night...Glisky was there, with a bevy of girls he'd brought along, one of my hired men...I was at the Black Mountain House that year, not far away...and sleigh loads of people from all around...'twas in the winter time...and Sullivan.

"It all broke out over a cotillion they were forming. Glisky was doing it and Sullivan told him he wasn't doing it right.

" 'You get out o' here and mind your own business,' Glisky told him, 'I know how to form a cotillion.'

" 'All right,' said Sullivan, 'if that's the way you feel about it, you go ahead. You make up your crowd there and I'll make up my crowd over here, on this side.'

"But Tommy couldn't stand that sort of thing...not before those girls and all...and he came over to Sullivan, said something to him...fighting talk, I guess...must have been...for Sullivan up and slammed him. The fight was on right there on the dance floor...girls and all.

"It was an awful fight, but Sullivan licked him...licked him terribly...licked the daylights out of Tommy...right there. Glisky managed to get away at last and get down...the dance floor was at the top of the house...fourth floor I think...and out of doors.

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"The dance broke up, then and there. Some of the boys got hold of Sullivan.

"You got to get out o' here,' they told him, 'this ain't the end o' this...not with Glisky, it ain't. He won't stand for a beating up like this...he'll come back...and you want to be watching out when he comes.'

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"They rushed Sullivan down stairs into the kitchen...or bar room, somewhere down below...and they hung around, keeping guard over Sullivan until they were sure Glisky had gone off.

"But Glisky didn't go. He sat out in a sleigh with some pal that had brought him over, and waited...waited.

"Sullivan was sitting up on the bar...getting about ready to go when the door opened suddenly and Glisky rushed in and made for Sullivan.

"He had just time to scream.

" 'Look out, he's got a knife!' when Glisky struck.

Tommy slashed the Irishman in the throat...cut his windpipe half in two...wicked. In the excitement Tommy got away.

"The doctor was called...rushed in...tied up Sullivan...pasted him together with some bandages...patted around his throat with his fingers and said he guessed he'd be all right.

"But Sullivan wasn't all right...that wound kept on bleeding inside and in a couple of days he was dead.

My step-father...Mr. Buchanan...was deputy sheriff that year, and they sent for him. He went over there...did what he could...but Glisky had disappeared.. They found a picture of him somewhere and Mr. Buchanan sent it to Boston and asked the help of the Boston police in finding him. They sent copies of that picture all over...but Glisky had just gone...disappeared.

"It went on about a year, I guess...within a year...the Boston police sent up word that they'd got Glisky located...out in the woods of Michigan, 14 and could produce him for \$500.

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"Well , Sullivan didn't leave any money behind him...and his brother couldn't raise five hundred dollars...and the town wouldn't. The town was awful poor...said they weren't local fellows...just transients...didn't see why they should bother about 'em...put up any money on their account.

"Glisky got off...scot free? So far as I know...I never heard anything more about him.

"Speaking of those old rocking chairs we're sitting in...comfortable old chairs, aren't they?...don't make such chairs now...fit your back, and arms, and the seat rounds down just right...that little low one over there's my wife's favorite chair...oh, hundred years old, I guess, more or less. The other day a lady was in here...saw that little mirror up on the wall there...that one in the black and gold frame...with the picture of The Dancing Girl on it...said it was worth three hundred dollars. I guess she wanted to compliment us...or something...bet she wouldn't offer three hundred dollars if she was trying to buy it.

"I made a venture into the antique business once...only once...I don't know much about it...but I saw a grandfather clock, once, when I was at the Black Mountain House and I wanted it for the hotel. 'Twas a handsome clock, all decorated with gilt and these spires and knobs and frills. Out in a country home, 'twas. I wanted it.

" 'How much you take for the clock?' I said to the man.

" 'Why..I dunno,' s'd he, 'dunno what they reely are worth.'

"Twenty-five dollars, say?'

" 'On, no-no...wouldn't sell for twenty-five dollars...would we, Ma?' referring to his wife.

" 'Would you sell it for fifty dollars?'

"His eyes kind of lighted up...he considered a moment.

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" 'I dunno...dunno's we want to sell it at all...do we, Ma?'

"She considered.

" 'I dunno's we reely need it...'spose we could get along without it.'

" 'Fifty dollars...well, I dunno...fifty dollars sounds fair... don't it, Ma? I dunno, 'sposen we might 's well let it go...fifty dollars...well, yes...you can have it for fifty dollars.'

"I took it back to the hotel, wiped it up, sat it out.

"Man cane up from New York the next summer. He looked like he could [he?] could afford almost anything he wanted...and he got to wanting that clock. It was a beauty.

"Wanted to know if I'd sell it...and what I'd take for it.

" 'A hundred dollars, I told him.

" 'Oh, no-no, I couldn't afford to pay a hundred dollars for it...out of the question.'

"But he kept wanting it...looking at it. I let it set...didn't say anything more about it.

"The day he went away he asked me about it again.

"Well, I said, 'you've been a pretty good customer of mine...we're pretty good friends...and all...I'll make it eighty dollars.

"He went off with it mighty tickled to get it.

" 'Twas a great rage about those years of folks coming up into the country here and hunting up grandfather clocks. They got all they wanted I guess. Some folks down Boston way helped out some. I don't know who manufactured them, exactly, but the racket was

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this. They made any quantity of imitation grandfather clocks...and they were so good imitations it took an expert to tell 'em from the genuine...they looked a hundred years old, all right.

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"Way they sold 'em was to bring up a lot and sat them around in old back farmhouses and let the families have the use of them, on the agreement that when these antique hunters came around they would let the antiquers have 'em for whatever they could stick 'em for. Then the makers and the fellows who sold 'em would split on whatever they got.

"No, rackets are not confined to the city places. These old Yankees up here in the backwoods can give some of these city fellows handicaps.

"I took a party once, from Black Mountain House over to Crawford Notch. They wanted to visit the old Willey House. I remember it was kept at the time by Azariah Moore. You've heard about the Willey Slide...how the whole family was destroyed by rushing out doors when the slide came...and how if they stayed in the house they's they'd have been saved. The slide split behind the house and went both sides of it...never touched the house. Lots of legends clustered about the old house...one was that there was a crippled old Grandma Willey who couldn't run out when the rest did and sat in her wooden rocking chair while the slide went by her on both sides. " Anyway Azariah Moore capitalized on that legend.

" At the time my crowd was up there they were very curious about an old wooden rocking chair which stood in the middle of the room. It was pretty dilapidated...chopped up, pieces hacked out of it.

" 'What's that chair?' one of them asked.

" 'Why, that's old Grandma Willey's rocking chair...one she sat in time of the slide...and was saved...ain't you never heard about it?'

"They never had...so he told 'em.

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"Nothing must do with these summer people but they must have a souvenir from every place they visit, and as Azariah explained that the condition of the chair was due to the hunger of visitors for souvenirs, my people asked if they might have a chip.

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" 'Oh, certainly,' he consented, everybody teased me so for chips along back...they even whittled 'em out of the chair when I wasn't looking...bid fair to destroy the chair in spite of me...that I finally told 'em. 'Go ahead' and I even furnished the hatchet to cut out the chips with. Here 'tis...if you want to use it.'

"They did and as they were busy using it Azariah slyly crooked his finger at me from one door...to come out into the kitchen toward the bar room.

" 'You see, Willis,' he told me in a low voice, 'when I found summer folks was so possessed to lug away souvenirs of every curiosity in the mountains I got to providing 'em...I provide them old Grandma Willey chairs, in there. I buy 'em new, scratch and bang 'em up...hack 'em up, till they look pretty old...for a stared starter and then turn 'em over to the summer folks...and they do the rest. That's the third old Grandma Willey chair they've had this season. Oh, of course, they give me a little something...a quarter a chip...standard price.

"That was too good to keep so on the way home I told the crowd. Laugh...how they laughed...even if the joke was on them.

It was while we were keeping the Black Mountain House that I first met Augustus Hemenway...you know, the man who built that gymnasium for Harvard College...cost \$175,000.

"He came up there one day, just after we had closed up for the season...or just as we were closing up...and wanted to stay with us a while.

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" 'Don't believe we can, Mr. Hemenway,' I told him, 'We're closing up for the season...letting our waitresses go...cooks and everything. Don't see how we can.'

" 'Just what I want,' he rather pleaded, 'want to be alone, all by 18 ourselves'... he had his invalid wife with him, and her nurse...'just all by ourselves. We can get along fine.'

"We finally made arrangements for him to stay awhile...he seemed to like it so well. The hotel was up among the pine woods...across and acres of 'em...and roads running all out among 'em...just the place for sick people.

"He was a very unassuming man..I never suspected that he was worth what you would call "money."

"Well, they settled down for a time with us. He loved to roam around the stables, look at the horses. They were just about the handsomest horses you could find anywhere in the state. Some of them were black...black...not dull...or blue, like...some were gray...some dapple gray, matched up in pairs and fours...red halters...heads all up...snappy...they were horses.

"One of the horses I was especially proud of...black as a crow's wing, with a tail almost sweeping the ground...two white logs behind...white star in his forehead...arched neck...bright eyes...man who had him before me paid \$500 for him.

"Mr. Hemenway was out one morning visiting the barn; I was in the carriage room and the door happened to be wide open toward the woods. A partridge came booming along...full speed...struck against the open door, and broke its neck.

" 'Why,' said Mr. Hemenway startled, 'you have partridges thick as that up here?'

" 'Oh, the woods are full of 'em,' I told him, 'just full of 'em.' That was back in the early '80's, you remember.

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" 'Well,' said he, 'I'll have to telegraph back home and have my man bring up my gun and My dog, you and I'll go hunting.'

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"Mind you he said 'bring' not 'send'. That set me thinking. If it had been me. I should have had 'em sent up by express. But not Mr. Hemenway.

"Next day up came the man and the gun and the dog. He had his dinner and Mr. Hemenway sent him back home.

" 'Now Mr, Willis,' he said 'we're going to get some of those birds.' He wanted me to go with him.

" 'You know where the birds are, don't you?' I said I did.

"The dog nosed around, this way and that, until pretty soon he stiffened into a point, his nose reaching out for the bird.

" 'Now, Mr. Willis, you stand right over there; he'll likely come down by you if I don't get him...then you try him.'

"He waited a moment.

" 'All ready?'

" 'Flush him!' he snapped to the dog.

"Pouf! up came the bird.

" 'Bang! went Hemenway's gun...never touched a feather.

"The partridge sailed down across me and I downed him.

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" 'Get him?'

"Hemenway rushed up, all excited.

" 'Right over there...foot of that tree.' I pointed to where the bird had come down.

" 'Great shot! Wonderful shot!' He was delighted over it...couldn't seem to get over it.

"He wandered ahead of me into the woods...lost sight of him a few minutes...then the dog barked...kept on barking all excited, and Hemenway came rushing back toward me.

"Got a bear!' he called when he came in sight, 'a bear...up a tree... 20 dog's got him treed!'

"We went back to the dog.

"I smiled.

"Mr. Hemenway,' I said, 'sorry, but that isn't a bear...it's a porcupine.

" 'Twas a monster porcupine...black, 'twas, too.

"He was awful tickled over that.

" 'First time I ever saw one of those fellows in my life. Say you stay here and let me go up and shoot him. You hold the dog, and.....

"No!

"He looked at me a little surprised.

" 'Well, then, I'll hold the dog and you go up and shoot him.'

" 'No!'

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"A real question was in the way he looked at me this time.

" 'You hold the dog and we'll both go up and shoot it.'

" 'Oh.'

"I explained how, if a dog got near one of those porcupines and he wasn't quite dead, or if the dog nosed a dead one, he'd get his nose full of quills and they would work their way into him and kill him in course of time...unless they were cut out.

"We blew the old fellow out of the tree. Hemenway stooped over it for a minute.

" 'What you doing?' I called back.

"Say, he was pulling out some quills with a pair of pliers...and he put them in his pocket-book for a souvenir, by gosh!"

"Well, those little experiences brought Mr. Hemenway and me pretty close together...he seemed to think quite a lot of me after that.

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"Came time for them to go home and he wanted me to drive them up to Bethlehem to stay overnight and go around home from there another way. He'd been spending a good deal of time at my stables, admiring my horses, as I told you, 'specially that handsome, long-tailed, black one. So I hitched him up for one of the pair to take them up with.

"Awful easy-gaited...that horse...had been broken and used as a saddle horse before I got him. I mentioned that fact to Mr, Hemenway. He was a very quiet-spoken man, usually, and he didn't make much comment. But when we got to Bethlehem he asked me if he might take him out, under saddle, next morning.

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"I was kind of skittish about that for the horse was full of life...not a mean thing about him...but he wasn't any horse for a beginner to learn on. He finally persuaded me.

"I went out early to the stable next morning, asked the boy if he had a saddle. He had, and a good one. I wiped the horse all off with a damp cloth, till his skin shone like a glass bottle.

"When Hemenway came out his eyes fairly sparkled when he saw the horse.

" 'Now , Mr. Hemenway,' I said, 'that horse hasn't a mean thing about him, but he's pretty lively, and you want to watch him. He's quick and nervous, full of life....'

" 'That's all right, Mr. Willis...that's all right,' he said very quietly.

"He put his foot in the stirrup and was on his back like a cat...and the horse was out of the door lickity-larrup. But I found out in that moment that Mr. Hemenway was a horseman.

"He had the horse out half an hour. He came back full of compliments for the horse.

"He paid me for the whole trip...back home...while [he?] went on another way. He said no more about the horse.

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"Next day a telegram came from Mr. Hemenway.

" 'Give you so-much for that horse.

"Sent back a message, " 'No.'

"Came back ,

" 'Name your price.'

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"I did.

" 'Done! Will you guarantee to deliver the horse sound in Boston?'

" 'No! Will guarantee to deliver him sound on board at Plymouth; that's all I will do.'

" 'Bring him along...will have a man meet you at Boston.'

"When I went down I learned about Mr. Hemenway. He had big stables full of elegant horses.

"Afterwards he wanted me to buy a pair of horses just like that for his mother's stables, but I couldn't find a horse like him in all the country round...at any price.

"That horse had taken me before that around some...and had attracted quite a lot of attention.

"Mrs. M.T. Goddard...wife, she was, of Dr. M.T. Goddard, of Newton, Massachusetts...used to come up to the Black Mountain House quite a lot...loved to drive around the mountains.

"She started on a long trip with me one day. You know, we used to go, in those days of horses, thirty-forty miles and stop overnight at some hotel ...go on again next day. The stages always planned on forty miles a day....rest over a day...then forty miles again. We'd take it easy...two horses and a carryall...stop before the horses got tired. We had , that day that I'm speaking of, the HORSE and another one as near like him as I had.

" 'Now,' said she, as we started, 'if the servants, at wherever we stop 23 deserve it...if they wait on us, as you know they should, you 'purg' them...purg them good, if they deserve it...and add it to my bill.

" ' ' Yes, Ma'am, ' I agreed, ' I'll 'tend to it. ' "

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"She was like that.

"We stopped one night at the Wentworth, over in Jackson. General Wentworth did the honors for us...he was rather of a pompous man...loved to have you call him, "General"....made us right welcome.

"After supper he hunted me up.

" 'Let's go out to the stable and look around.'

"We walked out.

" 'I want to see that horse. One of my boys tells me you've put into my stables the best horse that ever went through my barn doors.'

"I took him out of the stall, paraded him around the floor.

" 'He's right,' the General agreed, 'the finest horse ever went through that door.'

"Next day, when I asked for my bill.

" 'Not a cent, Willis...you can't pay me one cent!'

"Horses? I love'em...can't help talk about 'em...used to race 'em a lot...and had some honors to my credit at that, too. Well I come of a line of horsemen, and horsewomen. Going to tell you one more story about the old horse days...guess that'll be all about horses.

"I've told you the railroad us used to own many of the coach lines about New Hampshire...and they were pretty intolerant of competition on their routes. There was one driver who used to drive on the line out from Plymouth to the Profile House, before they

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built the Pemigewasset Railroad up the valley,...Harrison B. Marden was his name...and he was out for business.

"They got so they wanted all the business and I thought I'd start a few teams up over the road to see if I couldn't get some business away from 24 'em...make a little for myself.

"I remember the day when two stylish looking men got off the train...impressive looking men they were...and they were bound for the Profile House...going to make the Flume House that day and go up to the Profile in the morning.

"Naturally Marden wanted their trade, and wasn't backward in letting them know it.

"I stepped up.

" 'Gentlemen,' s'd I, 'I suppose you're going up the valley. Now which would you rather do, go up by this railroad stage, which whoops up through the Notch, making time, stopping for nothing; or would you rather go up by private team, you can stop whenever you see anything you'd like to look at...walk around a little...rest yourselves...take it easy...see things?'

"It kind of struck 'em...they seemed to think my proposition sounded good.

" 'Ho', says Marden, 'you fellows get this man to drive you up, you won't get more'n a mile out the town, here, before one o' them horses he drives 'll fall down in a fit...then where'll you be?'

" 'Now I'll tell you what you do,' I said, 'you just step around and take a look for yourselves at my stable...just right around the corner here...see what kind of horses I keep...that'll tell the story.'

" 'We will,' agreed the men, 'we'll come around after supper. We're going to stop in the hotel, here, overnight and we'll come around.'

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"I saw them coming up the road after supper...just as they said. I met them and we went out to the stables.

"There were eight dapple grays...handsome animals...matched, heads up...perky.

" 'There, gentlemen,' I motioned toward the horses, 'are the horses. Do you see any you'd call 'fitty' among 'em?'

"Said they didn't.

" 'Which ones,' they wanted to know, 'are you planning to hitch up for us...if we take them?'

" 'Pick 'em out yourselves...any four of 'em...I'll hitch up any you say.'

" 'Oh, no, we don't want to do that...it's all right...pick 'em out yourself and we'll go up with you in the morning.'

"We started next morning, four dapple grays hitched to a twelve-passenger wagon, full. We started a little before the regular railroad coaches got off.

"Want to stop here a few minutes?'

"No, they didn't, so we went on.

"We went on, taking it easy, those grays moving along at a springy trot, looking about, until Marden came along behind with the six-horse railroad coach...tried to pass.

"I kept those grays moving along just fast enough so he couldn't get by.

"One of the men said.

" 'I think he wants to pass you.'

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" 'I know he does,' I said, 'but I don't intend he shall.'

"I let out my horses a little..they'd take all the slack you gave 'em...and we moved up that Notch road pretty smart. There were some pretty steep grades up through there, then...hadn't been graded for automobiles, and Marden pushed his horses for all they were worth. Held turn out to pass...but somehow he didn't.

"We kept that up right spang into the Flume House...we got in a little ahead of the coach...I know I had taken my horses over to the stables across 26 the road to feed 'em...I always looked after my horses, personally, to see that they were treated right...and was coming back over to the hotel, when I saw Marden, off his coach, and giving those men of mine a piece of his mind.

" '.....how do you fellows think the railroad's going to keep up these stage lines,' Marden was saying, 'if you fellows don't patronize 'em ? The railroad runs 'em for your accommodation... you you've no business to hire these little pod-wagons...you ought to help keep these regular coaches goin'.' He was pretty well riled up and tearing on.

"The doctor...I had learned my passenger was a doctor, from Easton, Pennsylvania...drew himself up and looked Marden in the eye.

" 'Look here, I've travelled all over the world...and I travel as I please...and no driver of any railroad stage is going to tell me how to travel. You aren't a fit man to speak for the railroad, anyhow...you're insulting....'

"Oh, he handed it back to him, all right.

"The doctor turned to me, as I came up.

" 'Going back tonight?'

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" 'Why, yes, I intend to.'

" 'Well, don't...stay over till tomorrow and take us up to the Profile House. I was intending to go up by the regular coach tomorrow but I wouldn't ride with this man's coaches for any money.'

"He turned on his heel and went into the hotel.

"When I left them at the Profile House the doctor paid me my regular fare...four dollars, each...and gave me two dollars for a purg, besides. His daughter...one of the party, noticing, said.

" 'Oh, wait a minute[,?]' and rushed back into the hotel.

"She came back and handed me five dollars more...she was afraid I hadn't got enough for my trouble.

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"It was while we were in the Eagle Hotel, in Laconia, that Hon. Samuel N. Bell built the Deer Park Hotel. He came to us and wanted us to advise him in building it...said he was going to make it as fine as money could do.

"I got acquainted with Mr. Bell...was sort of by accident. He used to come up to the Profile House when I was at the Black Mountain House, and often when I drove up there with parties, or by there, he'd wave to me from the piazza...or hello to me...scraped an acquaintance that way. Easy man to get acquainted with.

"As we went on with the building Mr. Bell got to telling us that it was for us...wanted us to manage it when he had it finished.

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" 'Make it the best hotel in the mountains, boys; it's going to be for you...don't spare expense...make it as you want it.'

"We became pretty friendly as the hotel went along, and he kept up telling us.

"Have it just as you want it...it's going to be yours some day.'

" 'I've got a brother, John, as you know, but he don't want this hotel...don't want to bother with such things. He's scraped up a heap of money and all he wants to do is to sit on it...and be let alone.'

" 'You're the men to run this thing.'

"We opened the Deer Park Hotel the season of 1887 and it was crowded to overflowing. Mr. Bell enlarged it for the next season...practically doubled it. He was planning to double it again the next season when he died very suddenly...fell dead right in my arms.

"The year before he died my wife died, leaving me with five little children. I was discouraged clear to the bottom. I told Mr. Bell I was going to give up...I just hadn't the heart to go on with his proposition.

"Samuel N. Bell was a father to me, right then.

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" 'Now--now, Willis,' he said to me, 'you don't want to give up...you can't give up...you've got to go on. The only thing that'll save you....get you on your feet agin...is work...something to keep your mind busy. Don't lie down by the roadside...you can't...you've got five little children to look after...you can't leave me now...for your own sake...and theirs.'

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"I never shall forget Mr. Bell; he kept me going...brought me out of the shadow again. I want to tell you right here that Samuel N. Bell was one splendid man...they don't make 'em any finer.

"Well, I've been giving it to you pretty fast...more'n you'll ever want to write, I guess," said Mr. Willis, laughing. "I've got here, somewhere, a booklet of the Old Deer Park..." looking around his rooms... "yes, here 'tis. Maybe you'd like to see for yourself what a high class summer hotel was, back in the nineties...up in these mountains."

The booklet had been prepared for the summer of 1894. On the front cover was a picture, in color, of the hotel; a building upwards of three hundred feet long, of three stories, surmounted by two ornate observation towers with pointed roofs, one flying the National flag, the other displaying the burgee of the hotel. Behind it rose, row behind row, the tumbled peaks of the Franconia Range. In the foreground the terrain fell away from the high plateau on which the building was placed, through beautifully wooded grounds toward the village of North Woodstock.

Spacious lawns surrounded the house and piazza, "twelve feet wide extends entirely around the house".

"That [piazza?]," explained Mr. Willis, "was an eighth of a mile in total length, around the house."

Regarding the view to be had the booklet stated, on its first printed page.

"Looking north from the depot," ..about seventy-five rods from the hotel 29 ... "you can see Mt. Cannon, or Profile Mountain, Eagle Cliff, Lafayette, Lincoln, Haystack, Liberty, Flume, Big Coolidge, Little Coolidge Mountains. On the east, Whaleback, Potash, Hancock, Loon pond and Russell Mountains. On the south, Plymouth Mountain and twenty-five miles

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down the Pemigewasset Valley. On the west Mounts Moosilauke, Jim, Blue and Kinsman, forming the finest mountain and valley scenery in New England."

The booklet described the east, middle and west branches of the Pemigewasset which met near the hotel as being "inhabited by beautiful speckled trout in great abundance, making the finest fishing resort in the State." It said also that "the long talked of Moosilauke road is almost completed" and conveyed the impression that the distance of fourteen miles from the Deer Park to the summit of the mountain was a mere step for the horses from "the good stable, well equipped for mountain travel."

Fearing the guests might object to stable odors, the writer hastened to add that it was "one hundred rods from the house," and assured his readers that the sanitary arrangements of the hotel were "as near perfection as can be obtained, everything discharging into the Pemigewasset River; pipes tapped and ventilated." As for the "abundant" water supply, "having a head of one hundred fifty feet," it came from Loon Mountain, "through a three-inch iron pipe, with hydrants on either side of the house."

The main dining-room was at the left of the house, the office in the middle, and the parlor was at the right end, and "the house was furnished throughout without regard to expenses." There were billiard and pool tables and bowling-alleys. It was a very up-to-date place with "steam heat on the first and second floors and lighted with gas furnished from a big tank sunk outside near the house.

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"Our beds are made of the beat South American hair, forty pound mattresses. The house will accommodate two hundred guests.

"There are fine groves of beautiful trees of all kinds around the hotel.

"Five hours ride from Boston without change of cars. Parlor cars direct from Boston without change. Fare, round trip, \$6.30.

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"Our prices will be from \$14 to \$21 per week, according to length of stay and total number in room. Transient, \$3.50 per day."

The booklet was beautifully illustrated with excellent reproductions of photographs and art work and ends with a fine photograph and description of Bell's Cascade, - a wild, tumbling rush of water in the little explored region behind the hotel, named in honor of the builder of Deer Park, Samuel N. Bell.

Here one can see one of the best of the mountain summer resorts in the heyday of the "Gay Nineties".

"We managed that hotel," continued Mr. Willis, "for eight years. It was the time when all the big mountain hotels were going full steam, crowded with guests all summer long. Of course we had a poor season now and then, but for the most part business rushed. People would come in families, stay from three or four weeks to all summer...come again the next summer...and the next. It was what you might call regular trade with many people. We could plan on our supplies...our food...our help. Now, with the automobile, it's here to-day and gone tomorrow...stop maybe, for dinner, perhaps for a night or two...and flit on.

"And the horse is gone...as it used to be. The six-horse...four-horse rigs...spanking horses...silver-mounted harnesses...head plumes...carryalls...twelve passenger wagons...carmine bodies with yellow wheels...all gone.

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Roads up through the mountains gay with flashing rigs...all summer long...no more of them.

"And look at the business that went along with the horse.

"I'd carry parties on a week's trip through the mountains...stop at a hotel come night, put up the horses...and other parties would come to my hotel same way.

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"Now the automobile makes a trip which took horses a week in a day...no hotel stops except perhaps for dinner...and a good many carry their dinners along and make use of the hotel as a picnic ground...leave home in the morning...back again at night...and the only feed is gasoline. A lot of business went with the horse.

"And you notice, from the booklet we didn't have any dance floor...not any special room. Of course we had "balls" in the big parlors. But the dancing craze...as had been...was pretty well dead when we built the Deer Park.

"And no golf links...golf hadn't been imported, then.

"We did put in some first class tennis courts toward the last of our being there. Charles L. Raymond, president for a number of years of the Chicago Board of Trade, used to come there, summer after summer. His son helped make those courts...gave us a lot of suggestions, and managed the tournament we had there, in the middle nineties.

"Makes me smile, mentioning Charles Raymond. Our girls took great care of the windows...polish...polish...polish, they would. Mr. Raymond had the private dining room...big windows.

"Something outside caught his eye one dinner time...he rushed over to the window to see what 'twas...stuck out his head...but stuck it right through the glass. Some surprise.

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"He came into the Office after dinner.

"I want to pay for that window,' he said.

" 'Oh, [that's?] nothing,' I put him off, 'we expect to have accidents occasionally. That's nothing to us.'

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" 'But I insist,' he said, 'I'm going to pay for it. Mr. Willis, in a hotel where the girls keep the windows so clean that I can't tell whether they're open or shut...I ought to pay.'

"I left Manchester, where I had been managing the Windsor Hotel with my step-father, Mr. Buchanan, to go up and manage the Hotel Weirs for the Weirs Hotel & Land Company. Mr. Buchanan died while we were in Manchester.

"Doctor J.A. Greene...you know him by reputation...the man who made "Greene's Nervura " ...bought out the hotel before I'd been there very long...enlarged it tremendously...added ninety feet on to the dining room, alone...changed the name to "The New Hotel Weirs". But he wanted me to keep on managing it for him. We were pretty well acquainted...he used to come to the Deer Park summers...he, and a great friend of his, George W. Armstrong...you know Armstrong's Restaurants.

"Doctor was a great figure in New Hampshire...great advertiser. And talk...he was about the greatest talked talker I ever heard...slick. He could fill a hall anywhere...anytime...after people got to knowing him...and "Nervura". He made millions...yes, sir, millions out of that medicine. I asked him once if " Nervura " had ever benefitted anybody.

" 'Well,' said he, 'it's benefitted the Greene family considerably.'

"He used to go around lecturing...he had a lot of stereopticon pictures...of the human bones...and stomach...and such things.

"I remember once when the Belknap County fair was held at Laconia, Doctor Greene had Carrie Nation out for a drawing card to his booth...yes... 33 hatchet and all. Great advertiser, he was...spent a pile of money on it. And while Carrie was there the town was hers...or as much of it as Doctor Greene's money could buy.

"After that they had Carrie Nation out at the Buffalo Fair. Naturally Doctor Greene went out there.

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"I remember him coming down by the hotel one morning...can see him coming down the road now...spanking span of horses...all rigged out...called out to me.

"Willis, I'm on my way to the depot to buy tickets for Buffalo. I'm going to buy two tickets...cr..three...which shall it be?"

" 'Why, I don't know,' I hollered back, 'what do I know about your business?'

" 'Two tickets...or three...come on, now, which?'

" 'You know what you want to do, I don't.'

"He waited...and persisted.

" 'Two tickets...or three.. ? '

" 'You mean you want me to go? No-no, I don't want to go.'

" 'Two tickets...or three?'

" 'No, I can't travel around in your crowd..I haven't got money enough.'

" 'Oh, pshaw! Don't bother about that...two tickets...or three?'

" 'You really want me to go ?..I can't....'

" 'Twon't cost you a cent, Willis...course I want you to go. Two tickets...or.. ?.'

" 'I'll go, then....make it three.'

"We went out...Dr. Greene, his wife and I...her sister got on at Ayer...and about the first thing that met us was a poster announcing the appearance of Carrie Nation.

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" 'You suppose that's the real Carrie?' wondered Doctor.

" 'We can tell pretty easy,' said I.

"We went into the place where Carrie was supposed to be...but no Carrie. Everything and everybody came on the stage...but no Carrie.

" 'There, I knew 'twas a fake,' blurted out Dr. Greene, disgusted.

"I beckoned to a young fellow, scurrying around there. He came up, and I asked him.

" 'Yes, sir,' he said, 'she's just been on...little while ago. It's pretty near time for her to come on again. You watch that door,'...he pointed it out...'and in a little while you'll see Carrie Nation come out of there.'

"Sure enough, at the time he said out came Carrie.

"She hadn't more than got out on the platform when Dr. Greene bounced up.

" 'Hello, Carrie,' he burst out, right before 'em all, 'remember me, don't you?'

"She looked at him a little blank.

" 'Seems 's if I do...let me see...is it...Brown?'

" 'No-no, don't you remember Laconia, New Hampshire?'

" 'Oh, sure I do...it's Doctor Greene.'

" 'The town's yours, Carrie...the whole place's all yours.'

" 'Wait till I get through here..and then....'

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"She grinned at him.

" 'You know, Doctor, they all think I'm a fake...not the real Carrie Nation,' she said as Doctor walked her off by the arm.

" 'I wish you'd tell 'em I am the real Carrie.'

"And, by gosh, he did...walked her right out into the midway and introduced her...gave her a great send-off. Oh, he could talk.

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"Mrs. Greene was rather scandalized by it. She gave Doctor a good piece of her mind.

" 'How you looked out there...like a common barker...a disgrace!'

"But that was Doctor...all over...he didn't care.

"I told you he could fill a house anytime for one of his lectures...well, he hired a big place in Boston, once, for a lecture. I remember....Dr. F.E. Greene, his brother, and myself were with him...going to show his pictures of bones, and stomach, and all.

"Came along pretty near opening time.

" 'There,' fussed Dr. F.E., 'I told you you were a fool to throw away all that money'...he'd been peeking through the peepholes in the drop, 'there isn't a corporal's guard out there.'

"Doctor J.A. sat calmly behind the scenes, smoking. He deliberately removed his cigar.

" 'I'll fill it...I'll fill it...you'll see...when the time comes.'

"He went on smoking, as if he was in his own parlor, sitting there, calm as a clock, while Dr. F.E. fidgetted around, taking another look through the drop. We all got pretty nervous.

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" 'Don't you worry...I'll fill it...you'll see...I'll fill it.'

"At the last they came pouring in till there was hardly standing room.

"Doctor Greene built him a big place out on Long Island, on in Lake Winnepesaukee, modelled like a castle.. I think it is still owned by some members of the family.

"I asked him once.

" 'You've travelled all over the world...what place would you pick to settle down in as a matter of choice?'

"He waved his hand out toward the Castle, Long Island.

" 'Don't that answer your question,' he said 'all the money I put into that?'

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"And he went into politics. He was just the same kind of an advertiser in politics as he was in "Nervura".

"Had Jim French for a manager...ran for Congress.

"Put on a big banquet at the hotel for his constituency...or for the big fellows in it...and his friends...

"Came to me and wanted to know if I could handle it all right.

" 'How many?'

" 'Oh, make it for a hundred.'

" 'That won't worry me any,' I told him.

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"Next day he revised the list.

" 'Make it for a hundred twenty-five,' he ordered.

"That list kept on going. The next day 'twas a hundred fifty; the next, two hundred; a couple of days after, two hundred and twenty-five.

"He kept pushing it up, by twenty-fives and fifties.

" 'Think you can do it, Willis?'

" 'All right with me; 't won't worry me any,' I assured him.

"The number finally went to five hundred.

"Dr. F.E. began to be a bit worried; he came to me...and others.

" 'Think you can manage it...pretty big affair, you know.'

" 'Don't worry me any...fellow over there in the Castle's doing all the worrying.'

"That was my answer to them when they fretted about me.

"At the last Doctor J.A. rushed in.

" 'Forgot all about the band I've got coming...got to add twenty-five more plates. Make it all right?'

" 'Fellow over in the Castle's doing all the worrying.'

"I got me a fellow I thought would make me a pretty slickhaired head 37 waiter, hired on fifty-six girls for waitresses...all around...anywhere I could find 'em, took out the portieres

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in the arches that divided the long dining room and set the tables clear down through...the whole length...tables for five hundred twenty-five people.

"It wasn't long before that slick-haired head waiter of mine had the girls all tangled up so they didn't know where they were at. I fired him right off...said to my wife;

" 'Can you go in there and straighten things out...they're awful.'

" 'Tink I can,' she said...and, by gosh, she did.

"We had everything sizzling when I heard the band strike up over toward the depot. I looked out. There was the crowd, formed in marching order, the band ahead, and Doctor Greene at the head of 'em all, coming,!...Mr. Willis jumped out on the floor and gave a dramatic picture of the military attitude of the leader.

"There he was coming...tum...tum...de-dum--tarr-ump-de-dum...up to the hotel.

"We had 'em seated slick as grease...the food coming on without a hitch...thanks to her...nodding toward his wife...everything moving along, perfect.

" 'Aren't you afraid of a hitch, somewhere?' Dr. F.E. sidled up to me, 'this is a pretty big affair, you know.'

" 'Don't worry me a mite,' I assured him.

"George W. Armstrong hunted me up.

" 'How's everything going?'

" 'Slicker 'n a whistle.'

" 'Aren't worried any?'

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" 'Not a mite.'

"Greene's manager came around.

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" 'We don't want any hitch in this thing,' he said, 'how's everything?'

" 'Perfect.'

"And it went off that way clear through.

"George W. Armstrong wanted to know after it was all over, if I had signed a contract with Greene for another year at the hotel. Told him I hadn't.

" 'Come on with me, then,' he offered, 'You can have your choice of three jobs, running my restaurant at Boston, Worcester, or Springfield depots.'

"But I didn't go with him.

"Doctor Greene was the one who gave me the rank of "Colonel". No, I never was in the army...he gave me the title...to get me up with the G.A.R. I don't think they liked it very well...having me called "Colonel"...but Doctor Greene did it...and it stuck. I get letters even now with address to 'Col.' Willis.

"Oh, Doctor Greene was a character...to be long remembered.

"Oh, you want to know if he got elected to Congress? No, he lost out by three votes.

"The only hotel robbery I ever had, occurred at the Hotel Weirs.

(To be continued)